

University of Toronto

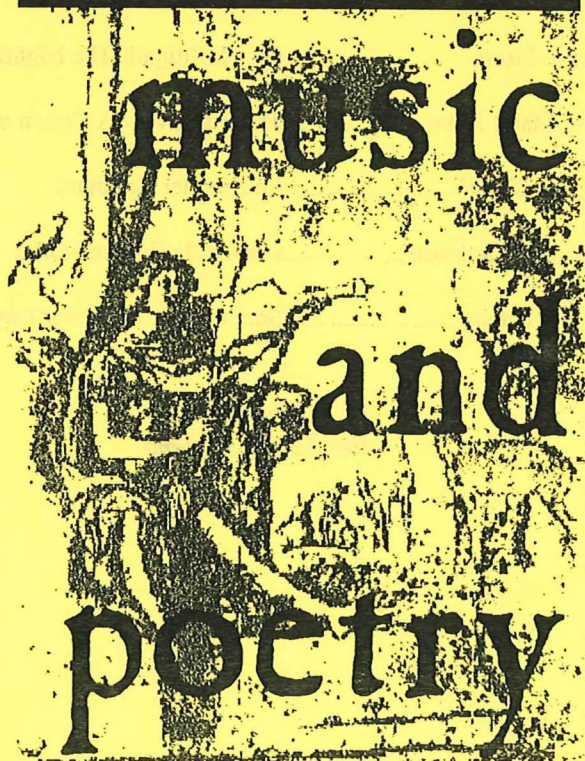
Faculty of Music

12:10pm

Walter Hall

2 April 1998

Edward Johnson Building



C98-35

PROGRAMME

SIDE I "Poetry and Principle in *Seven Early Songs*"—a talk by Prof. Don McLean.



SIDE II *Sieben Frühe Lieder* (1907)
for voice and piano

Alban Berg (1885 – 1935)

1. Carl HauptmannNacht (Night)
2. Nikolaus LenauSchilflied (Song amongst the Reeds)
3. Theodor StormDie Nachtigall (The Nightingale)
4. Rainer Maria RilkeTraumgekrönt (A Crown of Dreams)
5. Johannes SchlafIm Zimmer (Indoors)
6. Otto Erich HartlebenLiebesode (Lovers' Ode)
7. Paul HohenbergSommertage (Summer Days)

Mary Bella, *soprano*
John Hawkins, *piano*

Soprano **Mary Bella** is currently in the second year of the Diploma in Operatic Performance at the Faculty of Music. She studies voice with Prof. Lorna MacDonald. Recently she sang the role of Tiny in the Opera Division's production of Britten's **Paul Bunyan**. **Mary** was heard in the Music and Poetry series last November in Stravinsky's 1952 **Cantata**. In mid-April she will be portraying Mimi in the fourth act of **La Bohème**, again for the Opera Division.

Professor John Hawkins has taught at the University of Toronto since 1970. Active as a pianist and composer, he was one of the founding performing members of Toronto's New Music Concerts. Since 1994, he has organized and participated in a series of Music and Poetry lecture/concerts devoted mainly to 20th century vocal works. **Hawkins'** latest work, settings of three of Rilke's **Sonnets to Orpheus**, written for tenor Michael Colvin, was heard on February 5 in this series.

Don McLean is Associate Professor of Music Theory at McGill University in Montreal where his teaching responsibilities centre on honours- and graduate-level instruction in 19th and 20th century analysis. **Prof. McLean** has received numerous awards for both his teaching and for his research. His recent work includes documentary and analytical investigations of the music of Alban Berg, Verdi's **Messa da Requiem**, Music of the Second Generation of the Second Viennese School, renaissance musical alchemy, and 20th century quotation technique.

Details regarding the 1998-99 Music and Poetry series will be published in the Calendar of Events brochure.

SIEBEN FRÜHE LIEDER

Nacht
(*Carl Hauptmann*)

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal,
Nebel schweben, Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einemmal:
O gib acht! Gib acht!
Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan.
Silbern ragen Berge, traumhaft groß,
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan
Aus verborgnem Schoß;
Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
Schattenschwarz, ein Hauch vom fernen Hain
Einsam leise weht.
Und aus tiefen Grundes Dürsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! Trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib acht! Gib acht!

Schilflied
(*Nikolaus Lenau*)

Auf geheimem Waldespfade
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein
An das öde Schilfgestade,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!
Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,
Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,
Und es klaget und es flüstert,
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.
Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weiher untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

Die Nachtigall
(*Theodor Storm*)

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.
Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.
Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall,
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

SEVEN EARLY SONGS

Night
(*Carl Hauptmann*)

Clouds gather over night and valley,
mists hover, waters ripple softly;
now all at once the veil is lifted:
O look! Look!
A broad wonderland is opened up:
silver mountains loom wondrous large
with, between them, silent paths
shining silver from earth's secret womb;
and the noble world, so pure in dream.
By the path a beech-tree stands mute,
a black shadow; a single breath
drifts gently from a distant grove.
And from the gloom of the low ground
twinkle lights in the silent night.
O drink up solitude, my soul!
O look! Look!

Song amid the reeds
(*Nikolaus Lenau*)

By secret forest paths
I like to steal in the evening light
to the deserted reedy bank,
dear girl, and think of you.
When the thicket grows dark,
the reeds rustle misteriously,
and there is whispered lament
that I have to weep and weep.
And I seem to hear the sound
of your voice softly wafted,
and your sweet song
sinking into the pond.

The nightingale
(*Theodor Storm*)

It happens that the nightingale
has sung the whole night through;
from its sweet notes
echoing and re-echoing
the roses have burgeoned.
She was once a madcap;
now she walks deep in thought,
holding her sun-hat in her hand,
and quietly endures the sun's glow
and knows not what to begin.
It happens that the nightingale
has sung the whole night through;
from its sweet notes
echoing and re-echoing
the roses have burgeoned.

Traumgekrönt
(Rainer Maria Rilke)

Das war der Tag der weißen Chrysanthemen,
Mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht ...
Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele nehmen
Tief in der Nacht,
Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb und leise,
Ich hatte grad im Traum an dich gedacht,
Du kamst, und leis' wie eine Märchenweise
Erklang die Nacht.

Im Zimmer
(Johannes Schlaf)

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.
So! Mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n,
So ist mir gut. Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,
Wie leise die Minuten zieh'n.

Liebesode
(Otto Erich Hartleben)

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein,
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,
Und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden trug er hinaus in
die helle Mondnacht.
Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich ein
Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches, so reich an Sehnsucht.

Sommertage
(Paul Hohenberg)

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,
Gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,
Im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit,
Nun windet nächstens der Herr
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand
Über Wander- und Wunderland.
O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen
Dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen
Von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:
Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,
Nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild
Zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.

Crowned in dream
(Rainer Maria Rilke)

That was the day of the white chrysanthemums;
I was almost alarmed by their splendour ...
and then, then you came to take my soul
in the depths of night.
I was so anxious, but you came sweetly and gently,
just as I had thought of you in dream;
you came, and softly as in a fairy-tale
the night resounded.

Indoors
(Johannes Schlaf)

Autumn sunshine.
The pleasant evening looks in so quietly.
A small red fire
crackles and blazes in the stove.
So! My head on your knee,
I am happy; when my eyes so dwell on yours,
how gently the minutes pass.

Ode to Love
(Otto Erich Hartleben)

In the arms of love we blissfully fell asleep;
the summer breeze listened at the open window
and carried our peaceful breathing out into the
bright moonlit night.
And from the garden a scent of roses timidly felt
its way to our bed of love
and brought us wondrous dreams,
dreams of ecstasy, so rich in longing.

Summer days
(Paul Hohenberg)

Now days sent from blue eternity
stretch over the world;
time drifts by on the summer wind.
Now at night the Lord weaves
wreaths of stars with His blessed hand
over the magic land we travel.
O heart, what in these days
can your gayest rambler's song
express of your deep, deep delight?
Before the meadows' song the heart falls silent;
words fail, where image upon image
greet you and inspires you.